

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 21, No. 35.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, April 9, 1903.

\$1.00 a Year.

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Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law  
MARLINTON, W. VA.  
Prompt and careful attention given to all business placed in their hands.

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Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public  
MARLINTON, W. VA.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**H. L. VANSICKLER,**  
Attorney-at-Law  
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Practices in Greenbrier and adjoining counties.

**F. RAYMOND HILL,**  
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Will practice in all the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

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Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

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CASS, W. VA.

**Physicians' Cards.**  
**J. E. MARSALL, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Marlinton, W. Va.  
All calls promptly answered.

**DR. J. CAMPBELL,**  
Dentist,  
MARLINTON, VA.  
Has been practicing dentistry in this county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

**DR. ERNEST B. HILL,**  
DENTIST,  
Marlinton and Academy, W. Va.  
Graduate University of Maryland. Dentistry practiced in all its branches.

**DR. M. STOUT,**  
DENTIST,  
Has located and is ready for business in the Bank of Marlinton building, Marlinton, W. Va.

**Silberman Bros.**  
Largest Fur Store in America. Branches All Over Europe.  
Hats and coats made to order. We have the best of everything. We are in the grip, therefore being our mother's own son, we feel pretty sure of our identity.

**Bald Headed Bill.**  
For the Times.

Bill Diggs was as bald as a turkey egg. At forty-five, and would steal or beg. To buy Restorers susceptible, Of being rubbed into his skull. He'd tried them all from East to West. But hope eternal fired his breast. When he saw one day in the Weekly News, A brand new lotion for him to use. One night before he went to bed, He spread it on his old bald head. And he rejoiced in a week or so. To see the hair begin to grow. But the hair on which he set his hopes, Was the kinky wool of the Ethiopians.

The doctor explained with oh's and and's, Bill's dose got mixed with a colored man's. He'd put the package up in haste And Bill had got the nigger's paste. "You know," he said "A man might need, Timothy and get clover-seed!" He'd sent "A Two" and not "A One!" Was sorry nothing could be done. "Don't be so careless with medicine!" Admonished Bill who left him then; But the strangest thing I have to tell, Is that Bill's mishap turned out well. For he let the kinky top-knot grow. And plays the bleached coon in the show.

**Identification.**  
It is naturally supposed that while we are not hunting, fishing, playing ball or sleeping, we are getting out a paper, still we are susceptible to cheap rate inducements held out by railroad companies to some far off realm and back again, consequently we occasionally get tangled up in one of these long excursion tickets. In a mad desire to be like other people we comb the burrs out of our hair, take a shave, buy a pair of suspenders and rid our pockets of the hundred letters which have gathered there while we have worn these particular garments. This ridding up once caused us considerable trouble. We were nearly a thousand miles from home and had been having a pretty lively time, but at length had been forced to realize by the growing scarceness of money that the time limit on the ticket would soon be up, and therefore made our way to the railroad company's offices where we were supposed to be identified. We had read enough detective stories to know that inspectors of every kind are always on hunt for misrepresentatives, and always think they find what they are looking for, like many another cook-sure-class of enthusiasts. We knew who we were when they commenced the questions, but after awhile we were not nearly so sure of our identity as we had been. Our hand bag had a series of socks, smelling salts and shirts, an occasional handkerchief, various and sundry time tables, magazines and other periodicals and books including a Bible which our mother had put in at the last moment. Any mark on collar or cuff throwing light on past history would be taken as a clue toward solving the mystery of our identity, intimidated the inspector, but we had to admit that we were no such garments. As the time for the train drew close, and the danger of having to wait for another hour later seemed imminent, we betought ourselves of the hours we put in studying the shorter catechism to earn that particular Bible in our satchel. We got it out, and the neat little certificate pasted in the back was more than enough to pass us on to our home.

A close acquaintance upon hearing of this incident remarked that while he had known all his life he would not have been sure of recognizing us under the circumstances. But the character of our mother is clearly shown by putting the Bible in the grip, therefore being our mother's own son, we feel pretty sure of our identity.

**FOR SALE:** 48 head of cattle—two in 1300s, all steers. Address, CALL BOX 70, Lewisburg, W. Va.

**IN THE WOODS.**  
**A DAY IN JUNE IN BUCKLEY MOUNTAIN.**  
With the Birds—A Panther Tale—A Sermon in Stone.  
But one day of my life was ever spent on Buckley Mountain, though but few mountains ought to be more familiar to me, having been born and reared and spent the most of my life in view of its near horizon. It was the 15th of June 1870 and it that flowery month had selected that day specially for the purpose of exhibiting rare and radiant beauties of sunlight, foliage, flowers and picturesque vistas, all could not have been more charmingly attractive. For a few miles the way led through a forest, where million of the mysterious American clematis were intoning in countless repetitions their sibylline pharonic refrain from hidden leafy retreats. The senses seemed lulled to a dreamy semi-conscious state by this weird music, heard so seldom in a long life, and almost certain to be heard no more by one verging seventy years of age, when all of a sudden, the writer came near being left sitting in the narrow pathway, by his horse leaping forward in great fright. On looking for the cause a mass of fluttering feathers appeared rolling along with a rustling sound and at the same time uttering pitiful screams of distress. In such fashion a mother bird, would divert attention from her brood. Apparently with much difficulty she managed to get ahead, and was as much as she could do to keep out of the way of being trampled upon by the relative frightened horse. The bird seemed much pleased at being followed a few hundred yards when all at once her weak pitiful condition seemed relieved and with whirling wings disappeared from view. The query is, where did this pretty bird learn to be so coquettish and artful? Tested by the purpose in view it was her duty to be thus for she could not be a good mother bird without such beguiling ways. Were it not for the cunning of the fox, the rapacity of the hawk, and the spell-binding rattle snake, the pheasant could live on the square and rear her little beauties, without such artifices. Owing to my missing the right way it was after a time of tedious climbing and laying down fences, that a mountain home was reached, near noon, nestled in a secluded cove, surrounded by fruit trees, roses and native shrubbery of spontaneous growth. The inmates were found to be absent, while a fierce dog chained to the door made it evident how matters should be regarded by visitors. The horse in the meanwhile so far recovered from his fright and fatigue as to show a special fondness for the luxuriant clover in sight, so was picketed to a sapling and regaled himself. The writer spread his makintosh under an apple tree in spite of the howl of protestations of the good faithful dog. The dog tried to keep a visitor company in his way until he went to sleep at his post, while the writer with saddle bags for pillow, took a nap in the shade until rested and refreshed. Upon awaking two or three birds were noticed near a rivulet in the yard, dipping their feathers in the limpid beautiful waters. Two of the birds flew in opposite directions and disappeared among the trees, while the third whose plumage was of a rather gayer hue than that of his two companions flew to a top rail near at hand, where he set polishing and preening his feathers in a way any dandy might admire with approbation. For a good while the three birds seemed to keep up a trilogy. The invisible bird off to the right would call out "clean!" Then from the left, another invisible, would call out "clean!" then in his politeness the top rail took time to reply "Me clean, chee he, he, he."

**THE BELLED BUZZARD.**  
This Gifted Bird Saves Another Life.  
A Lost Fisherman Lays Down to Die, But The Belled Buzzard Brings Aid And Succor.

The Belled Buzzard again appears upon the scene by being the material means of saving another life. During the recent fine spring weather numerous picnic and fishing parties have made excursions to the Sinks in the edge of Pocahontas and Pendleton counties. John P. Jones, a city man, and unacquainted with the country went down a small stream fishing for trout. He soon became so engrossed with the sport that he did not realize the passing of the hours, until well towards sundown. He then found himself in a country altogether different in character from the one he had fished in during the morning. The creek was larger and the forest had changed from hardwood to pine. He had been instructed to fish down stream until he came to a branch entering on the right. The fisherman could come up to it a hacking and from there find his way back to the settlement. He had no remembrance of having passed such a stream but a run coming in from the right just ahead he turned up it and and followed it what seemed to him an interminable length of time. At length he came to a well beaten path which he followed into a suck lick, where deer had been using recently. From thence he wandered aimlessly about for several days, the fear of the woods so permeating his mind that he could scarcely eat the half raw trout he took time to cook. What fish were left the first day had to be thrown away.

On the morning of the third day he staggered beneath a large cliff and lay down. The last thing he heard was the tinkling of a bell. The Belled Buzzard had come to his rescue. Seeing the man faint and ready to die it left its nest and eggs and flew to bring succor and relief. A few miles off some men were burning brush, and had left their dinner near by a spring. Their attention was attracted to the bird by the tinkling of the bell as it carried off the pail. Taking the general direction traveled by the bird the men went to a well known buzzard roost where they found Mr. Jones setting up eating the hatched dinner, wondering if he was a second Elijah or was just dreaming.

**April Fool.**  
All fool's day passed this year without serious results, even though many persons were almost tickled to death. More than the usual quota of old gags were mustered up for the occasion while the number of new ones, and ones adjusted to fit the circumstances were unusually large. Of course the man who had an upright farm had fallen out of his corn-field and been seriously injured, and more than one fish was weighed on that day by the scales on its body before it got away. It was narrated around that several persons took long walks for their health and incidentally to see some person who did not turn up at the appointed place. It was left to an old dorky to fool the multitude. Standing in the market place, with hand shading his eye, he gazed intently far into the clouds for some minutes. Soon he was surrounded by a gapping crowd who anxiously enquired what was to be seen, but the dusky joker flew the scene and a great light dawned upon the enquiring minds. There was an exchange of courtesies between a merchant and his customer. The one sent an order for goods with the promise to see him burn before he got his pails. The other turned the order with the endorsement that he would see him burn before he got the goods. They are now waiting for the first of next April to even up scores still more.

**LUMBER.**  
Cash Paid for Export Bill Stuff Hardwood and All Kinds of Lumber. Address, CALL BOX 70, Lewisburg, W. Va.

**J. V. KNIGHT,**  
REPRESENTING E. STINGER ROGERS, MARLINTON, W. VA.

**AN ITEM IN WOODCRAFT.**  
The old third reader fable of the fight between the wind and the sun is too well known to need repetition. We were forcibly reminded recently of this lesson by a man in a conversation with a lumberman of long experience. The question arose which way in general trees were likely to fall. We learned that trees on the eastern or sunny slope of a ridge running north and south would invariably fall down hill. While those on the other slope would to a large extent fall up hill. The greater number of woodmen ascribe this fact to the prevailing north wind of this section, but it is caused by the sun, the growth of branches being much heavier on the side exposed to the sun.

**Dunmore Doings.**  
Mrs. J. F. Patterson and Miss Sallie Williams returned last week from Ellenboro, W. Va., where they have been on a visit. Miss Sallie Williams was called home Saturday to Virginia, to the bed side of her sick sister. Mr. J. F. Patterson came home from Marlinton last week. W. J. Pritchard and Rev. R. M. Caldwell spent a few days in town. Alex. Butterbaugh moved to Stringtown. Mrs. Sallie Brooks closed Miss E. N. Warwick's school near Dunmore Saturday.

Several hundred wagon loads of fertilizers was hauled from Forrest last week to Greenbank, Dunmore and Frost. Mr. L. B. and Miss Ruth Campbell left last week for Hamilton, W. Va. Undertaker Swecker sent a burial outfit last week for Mr. Wesley Rider who died near R. D. Rymels on top of Allghany mountain.

McClintic, Price and Swecker were taking depositions at Stony Bottom April 1st. Alex. Carpenter lost his Cutter shoes one day last week, its a boy, and the boy had them on and started to Cheat mountain to Camp No. 3. Miss Sadie Wimer of Crabottom is out on a visit. The Woodman camp at Greenbank was well represented Saturday last. Wm. Hiner & sons, are pushing things at their saw mill. We are glad to note that Mrs. S. C. Pritchard who has been confined to her room for six months is able to be up and about. Col. Elisha Hutton and Capt. Gilmore is expected in town today. Swecker says that if that man of Cass that called him an old cow, had called him a billy goat he would not have minded it for they can live on tin cans, gum boots and lanterns.

The mayor of Parkersburg, Mr. Vandervort, has been asked to resign. The corporation and the Baltimore & Ohio have been having war over some old franchises and the mayor who is a railroad attorney took sides against the town. A force was laying railway track on one of the streets and the council called upon the police and fire department to stop them. The mayor countermanded the order but they refused to acknowledge his authority. A fight was on between the tracklayers and the police, but the arrival of the firemen with their engines and hose soon put a damper on the battle. Impeachment proceedings were taken up against the mayor but he has since been exonerated of any corruption but is now asked to resign, as he is trying to serve two masters.

**TIMBER & SOFT COAL LANDS WANTED.**  
Have purchaser for fine tract of timber, large or small, deal direct with owner, no agents. Geo. R. Richardson, Real Estate Broker, 1291 Arch Street, Philadelphia Pa.

**TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

**Things That the Girls in The Church Choir Did.**  
Two mischievous girls who are members of a church in a town not far from Fairmont, recently figured in a laughable incident which is quite good enough to bear repeating. In some way known only to themselves, they became possessed of the subject of the minister's Sunday morning sermon, and thereupon set about selecting hymns in harmony with the theme. Sunday morning they were on hand bright and early, looking innocent enough to deceive a brace of Pinkerton detectives. One of them seated herself at the organ and played "Faint Yet Persuing," which was sung as a voluntary. Then the minister arose and consulting the list which had been given him, called for number 395. The Choir sang "Almost Persuaded."

The minister arose and announced the theme, "Courtship and Marriage." Read the lesson and called the next hymn. The Choir sang "Triumph at Last" and the congregation began to look amused. "After prayer 301," said the minister, and in his petition asked the spirit of levity, which possessed some of his hearers be banished. The choir then sang "Hasten Lord the Glorious Day" and every body laughed. Even the minister had difficulty, in stifling a smile when the choir struck up "Behold the Bridegroom Cometh," and the congregation became positively hilarious as the organ pealed out the opening notes of "What Shall the Harvest Be?" And throughout those wicked girls preserved their expression of saintly innocence and afterwards decided that it was the most peculiar and striking coincidence they ever heard of. —Ex.

**Unus Items.**  
We are having nice weather but still plenty of rain. Plowing is the order of the day with our farmers preparing for corn and oats crops. People are generally well at present we are glad to say. John Gay aged about 80, died at his home at Cherry River, March 19th of paralysis, he was brought and buried by the side of his wife at Mt. Vernon graveyard Saturday March 21st. He was born and lived in Pocahontas until an old man. Lee Malcomb is working for Mr. Farier near Maxwellton. August and Horn have completed their job of sawing staves and have their mill ready for moving.

A. M. Anderson is suffering from a bad cough, we hope for his speedy recovery. J. C. Hinkle is having his buggy newly painted. **WILD BILL.** Browns Creek. The last few days feels like we will have more winter yet. C. L. Moore has reopened his sugar camp and is making molasses by the wholesale. S. R. Hoggett and Walter Grimes came home last Saturday from Cherry River lumber camp. C. P. Corbett will move with his family to Stamping Creek soon, on the C. B. Grimes place where he will reside in the future. P. C. Kelly lost a fine cow one day last week, by getting choked. Amos McCarty and George Shrader are at home from the Monday Lick Lumber Camp. W. B. Corbett of Highland was over last week looking after his interest in the sawmill business. C. A. Yeager of Marlinton was here Friday looking after his interest.

We are glad to hear of Joe Buzzard and his mules getting home safe. **JOE WINK.**

**NEW BOARDING HOUSE**  
I have opened a Boarding House on Camden Street, one block above the Camden Hotel. Rooms newly furnished. Good board and good rooms, conveniently located, near the Tannery. **MRS. LUCY K. GUMM.**

**Look Here!**  
You are going to school. You want a practical education. Write for catalogue and special terms for the combined Book-keeping, Shorthand and Typewriting course before going elsewhere. Facilities unexcelled anywhere. Positions secured for graduates. Board here in clubs \$8.00 to \$8.00 per month. Business men will confer a great favor by writing us when in need of office help. No charge for selecting same. **MARSHALL BUSINESS COLLEGE.** Address, W. A. Ripley, Principal, Huntington, W. Va.

**Engine For Sale.**  
Any person wanting to purchase a 14 H. P. gasoline engine, will apply to. **T. S. McNEIL,** Marlinton, W. Va.

**The Song in the Night.**

I'm carried back to other days, A soft and sunny clime, And vanished scenes are pictured forth, As in the olden time. The rose, crape-myrtle, jessamine vine, That trellised arbor bower, Where a mocking bird had built his nest, In the bosom of a flower. When twilight deepened into night, And all the world was still; The mocking bird poured out a song In many a note and trill, Expensive conceits, what are they, Orchestras, dress parade, Beside the music of that bird, In the garden's leafy shade! There came a night of fearful storm, Thunder and wind and rain, But could not drown the mocking bird, Nor silence his refrain. A trustful, fearless little bird, Amid the tempest's swell; Was this the burden of thy song, God careth, it is well! Then surely, we may learn from thee, To praise the lord with song; When paths are smooth and praise them still, When everything goes wrong. **A. L. P.** Marlinton, W. Va., March 1903.

**Mill Point.**  
Sunday was a very disagreeable day, a little cool. The sale at Mr. Boblets was a success, every thing sold well. Mrs. Hambriek is slowly improving we are glad to say. Emory Adkison will soon leave for Fayette county, where he will take a position as guardsman. Miss Lillian Hall is visiting friends and relatives in Covington or a few weeks. Morgan Adkison is very sick at this writing. The roads are a little muddy after the rain last night. Willis Hill of this part made a flying trip to Roncovento Saturday.

**Preaching Appointments.**  
**KIDNEY CURE.**  
1st Sunday: Mary-Chapel 10:30 a. m.; Slaty Fork 3 p. m.  
2nd Sunday: Swago 1:30; Marlinton 7:30.  
3rd Sunday: Edray 10:30; Paoge Lane, 3 p. m.  
3rd Sunday: West Union 10:30; Stony Creek, 3 p. m.  
If the people of Poage Lane desire the continuance of the M. E. appointment, please be on hand and let us know at this appointment. **A. M. Crabtree, P. C.**

**Undelivered Letters.**  
The following letters are advertised at the Marlinton post-office for the month of April. Redman Spaulding. Charles Campbell. Herbert Porterfield. Miss Lucy Pennington. M. Jones. H. P. Kinsling. R. N. Lewis. Rupers McGhee. Charles Fields. William Boss. Willbarger & Bossiman. William Harris. Allen F. Hinkle. Miss Jessie T. Simpson. John B. Warren. C. E. Carpenter, card.

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